

ADA AND ALWIN.

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BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.  
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The lady knelt beside him in a pictured chamber's gloom,
And pressed her trembling kisses on a cheek of vanished bloom :

"Look on me, mine own Alwin, I am here close by thy side—"

"Leave me, leave me, let me die—thou art like her, like his bride."

"My sweet boy, it is Ada, who has loved, who loves thee yet—

Oh, beautiful young dreamer, it is strange thou couldst forget."

"I have brought thee flowers, my Alwin, with their morning sweets and dyes ;

See these blue, dewy violets, oh, they look so like thine eyes ;

For this sweet thought I've warmed them in the sunlight of my love,

For this my tears at twilight have gushed their leaves above. Nay, that young hand's snowy slowness is too weak to

grasp them now—
I will lay them on thy pillow where they'll kiss thy burning brow."

"I am dying, lovely lady." "Mine own sweet Alwin, no ! Thou art still as young and fair as when first I loved thee so ;

Fling the paleness and the flushing from that dimpled cheek of thine,

Let thy bright hair's curling round my fingers still entwine, And come to that hushed bower where we dreamed so oft of

yore,
And sing me those sweet songs that I used to hear, once more."

"Those were songs of love, bright lady, of a boy's mad love for thee,

Some other now must charm thee, alas, alas, for me— Did I strive to sigh them over, they would die into a moan,

There were aching in my bosom, there were trembling in my tone."

"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, these wild words are all too sad ; Raise thy blue eyes, my idol—smile—do not drive me mad."

"Smile, didst thou say, sweet lady ? I've not smiled since that drear day

When I heard that dark man bid thee send that blue-eyed boy away.

The rich wine's fearful flushing was red upon his cheek, And his wild laugh shook my spirit and made my bosom

weak ;
But 'tis weaker now—oh, hasten, my pulse is beating low—

I had thought thy love would save me—I bless thee—ah, I go."

"Alwin, oh Alwin, Alwin, would that I, too, had died Ere thy young spirit left me, aye, ere I became his bride.

These gems, the price of happiness—how hatefully they shine—

I'll crush them, for they burn my brow, and flash their scorn on thine ;

Now Alwin, fairest, dearest, wake—I'll be his bride no more,

No, sleep, sweet boy, I, too, shall sleep, 'tis dark—so all is o'er."
